

double ancestry in him, as in many another
 writer of our
 race. His thick-ankled style has none of the
 grace of die
 pure French artists he sometimes distantly
 recalls—such as
 Guy de Maupassant, or the creator of
 Madame Bovary,
 whose tragedy of thwarted romanticism
 would have at
 once appealed to Crabbe. Even Balzac is
 elegant beside
 this homespun Englishman. He presents a
 complete con-
 trast to the poetry of his fellow priests, the
 lyric delicacy
 of Herbert, the starry visions of Vaughan.
 And yet Fitz-
 Gerald's beloved 'old Man' keeps still some of
 the grey
 power of the native countryside he fondly
 painted—the
 quiet murmur of its lowland rivers with their
 willows,
 like his couplets, two and two; the desolate
 appeal of its
 wind-warped pines and lonely-blooming
 furze; the silver
 light of sunset on its still estuaries. It
 changes little with
 the passing of the seasons and the years; it
 endures where
 beauties of a more artificial culture wither
 and vanish
 without a trace.